

Witches World V2

Chapter 6

As sexy as she was being, Professor Sinistra actually was giving him a massage, and it felt great, Harry thought as she dug her thumbs into his shoulders while rubbing her naked pussy against his lower back. But as good as it felt, he knew that she could make him feel even better.

“How about you massage my front, Professor?” he asked cheekily. Aurora chuckled and leaned down, kissing the back of his neck.

“It will be my pleasure, Harry,” she said huskily. He could feel her warm breath against his skin, and he shuddered. She then got off of his back and rolled him over. Harry then got his first really good look at her naked front.

Aurora Sinistra was a very sexy woman who was probably in her early thirties, but Harry wasn't sure about that. Magic tended to stunt aging. The more powerful you were, the longer you lived. Aurora could be in her late twenties or mid-forties. The only way to know for sure was to ask, and he wasn't about to do that. Her age didn't matter to him. What did matter was how good it felt when she straddled his lap so that his cock rested longways against her burning hot slit. His professor had a beautiful face with a wide mouth that gave her a really nice smile. Her lips were plump and soft and looked as though they were made to suck on a cock. Her nose was small and perfectly symmetrical, and her eyes were big with long, fluttering lashes. Her irises were a sparkling brown that glittered in the light. A long, dark brown curtain of hair flowed over her shoulders and down her naked back. Even her ears were small and cute, Harry thought. One part of her that wasn't small was her breasts, Harry thought as he stared at her perfectly-rounded tits that jiggled carelessly when her hips began rocking back and forth. They were perfect, Harry told himself as he moaned. Her hips were pressing down hard on him, driving the side of his shaft deep between her fat pussy lips. She knew how to move her hips in a way so that her pussy lips jerked his cock. The sensation was incredible.

Aurora seemed to enjoy it as well. Her eyes fluttered, and her body shook through multiple mini-orgasms. Her back arched, and she thrust her chest outward, displaying her perky tits and hard nipples. Her areolas were quite a bit darker than her light brown skin, and the tips were crinkled and stuck out at least a centimeter from her breasts. All he could think about was drinking the milk straight from those glorious tits. In the meantime, all he could do was reach up and grope her perfect tits. They felt amazing in his hands, and he marveled at their softness. Aurora's body would buck every time he flicked her hard, little buds with his thumbs. His eyes drifted down, and he examined her slim belly. His professor was very fit, he realized. While she was far from muscular, Harry could see the hint of some abs as her belly flexed while working his cock. Her skin was perfectly smooth without a blemish to be seen. Her hips were incredibly wide and were made for childbearing, and Harry made a mental note to impregnate her sooner rather than later. As he looked down even further, he could see her lower belly and mound completely devoid of hair. Her two thick pussy lips were spread apart and latched onto the

underside of his shaft as if in an open-mouthed kiss. The bottom of his shaft was glistening with wetness. From the back to the front her hips moved, smearing her wetness all over him. Aurora was working him from the base to the head. This woman was an expert, Harry realized, and she knew exactly how to keep him coming back for more.

That was the main goal for every female out there ... to keep him coming back to them. It didn't matter if it was for the emotional connection or their bodies. They wanted him in their beds, constantly filling them with his potent cum. Harry didn't mind in the slightest. Unfortunately, there were only so many hours in a day, so Harry had to pick his favorites. Aurora was desperately trying to push her name to the top of the list. Deciding to take the initiative, Harry pulled her down and kissed her hard. Aurora moaned into his mouth and quickly deepened the kiss. Her hips were moving from side to side, and all he wanted was to be inside of her. His hands gripped her thighs right above her knees, and he slowly moved them higher. Her skin was soft and smooth, and the higher his hands went, the thicker her thighs became. When he reached the bottom of her cheeks, he cupped her ass and lifted her bottom a bit. His throbbing cock was freed from between her lips and immediately sprang to attention, ready for action. The tip of his head accidentally grazed her wet slit, making Aurora tremble with need. It was obvious that she didn't want to wait any longer. She reached underneath herself and gripped him by the base of his cock. She directed him until the head was pressed snugly against her tight opening. Holding him in place, she slowly lowered herself down. When his head forced her lips apart and he entered her for the first time, Harry moaned loudly and instinctively thrust his hips upward. Several more inches easily slid inside of her, making Aurora's walls squeeze and clutch him.

Being inside of his teacher was heavenly. His head was swimming from her incredible heat and from the thick, musky scent that her body was producing. They had just begun and already the room smelled as if they had been fucking for hours. Aurora was soaking wet, and fat beads of arousal dripped down his cock and coated his bloated, cum-filled sack. He could feel her tight walls fluttering around him. Sucking on her tongue, he squeezed her ass hard and spread her cheeks open. Her beautiful body shivered when the air hit her exposed asshole. Moving his hand a bit, he touched the little hole and began toying with her rim.

Aurora squeaked into his mouth the moment his finger began playing with her ass. Though most probably wouldn't believe her, she didn't have much experience with men. There hadn't been any males at school when she attended Hogwarts, and the only time she had been properly fucked was by a Swedish man in his fifties. This had happened in her early twenties, and no pregnancy came from their meeting. She considered herself lucky to have a young male of a fuckable age staying in the castle while she was there. She promised herself that she was going to make the most of the opportunity. Over the last few years, she had been taking classes on seduction and learning ways to improve her sexual skills. She couldn't count the number of dildos that she had ridden to pick up those skills. At least the lessons were pleasurable, she thought happily as Harry's finger tickled her tight hole.

She let her body drop the rest of the way down, and she moaned as she was filled up. Magical dildo creation had come a long way over the last twenty years, but nothing could compare to

having her walls stretched by a long, thick Grade-A cock, she naughtily thought. Harry pinched her nipple with his free hand and rolled the little nub between his fingers. Aurora's pussy tightened, and her asshole puckered as he tugged on the crinkled nipple. Now that he was fully inside of her, Aurora grabbed his wrists and pinned them above his head. She looked down at him with wild eyes, breathing heavily while squeezing his cock with her slick cunt. Pushing down hard with her hips, she rolled them back and forth while leaning forward. She smiled as she saw his eyes focusing on her big, dangling tits. Leaning down a little further, she let the tips of her nipples brush against his lips. However, she didn't let him take them into his mouth. Instead, she shook her chest and jiggled her bare breasts all over his face.

Aurora forced herself to focus on pleasuring him instead of focusing on the pleasure that was racing up and down her spine as his cock repeatedly hit some special place inside of her. Her only lover had never hit that spot, nor had she when she furiously fucked her own pussy with her favorite ten-incher. Putting her hands on his chest, she pushed herself back into a sitting position. Bracing herself on his pecs, she used his body as leverage to start bouncing up and down on his lovely cock. Soon after, the room was filled with the loud sounds of wet flesh clapping together.

"Oh, Fuck!" Aurora cried out as another orgasm hit her body. Her back was arched, and her tits were being thrust out for Harry to see. "My pussy ..." she choked on her words. "My pussy ... it feels ... so ..." She then squealed, and Harry felt his lap get wetter. He reached up and grabbed two handfuls of her breasts and squeezed them hard. Aurora's body began quivering as her mouth fell open. Suddenly, she was rolled over onto her back, and her lower half was folded up into a breeding position. Her pussy was in the perfect position to be pounded, and that was exactly what happened. Harry's hips pounded hard into the backs of her thighs while his cock drilled her insides deeper and deeper. Then he angled his thrust so that the bulbous head of his cock battered against her g-spot. By then, Aurora was squirming out of control, but it was of no use. Her body was folded in half with her knees pinned by each of her ears. Harry had turned into a beast. He continued to plow into her, fucking her like there was no tomorrow. His hair was matted to his sweaty forehead as he grunted with every powerful thrust of his fat cock. Little sprays of pussy juice squirted from her cumming pussy, and her eyes began twitching as her head suddenly felt faint. When the tip of his cock hit her g-spot one more time, her body locked up, and she wailed pathetically as she squirted all over him and her bed. Her pussy clamped down harder than it ever had.

Harry moaned at the feeling of her pussy hugging him so tightly. Unable to stop himself, he shuddered and thrust deeply into her. As soon as he did, his ball practically shriveled as a massive blast of cum filled her fluttering insides. The way her pussy milked his cock was incredible, Harry thought as he bit his lower lip and luxuriated in the feeling. He thrust again, and she cried out even louder as her toes curled. He only had the strength for one last thrust to make sure that she was filled to the brim with his seed. Once done, he let her legs go and pulled out of her. Rolling off of her, he lay at her side while breathing deeply. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked at his dark-skinned professor. Her eyes were open, but she appeared to be staring off into space. She had a goofy smile on her face, and when he waved his hand in

front of her, she didn't even respond. Harry snorted in amusement and dropped his hand. Rolling to his side, he used the time waiting for her to come back to reality to gently caress her perfect tits. They were his favorite part of her body after all. Leaning in, laid soft kisses all around her nipples which were still as hard as rocks. When he started sucking on one, Aurora finally came back to the land of the living and shuddered. She threaded her fingers through his hair and rolled onto her side, throwing her leg over him. She pulled his face from her breast and kissed him as though he were being shipped off to war. Harry didn't go back to his room that night. Instead, he had found a new, temporary home between her smooth, shapely legs.

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"Why are you blushing so much?" Harry asked Hermione as they studied together in the library. 'Twelve inches on the Goblin Rebellion of 1529?' he shook his head. 'These professors sure like to torture us.'

Hermione's face looked hot, and her cheeks were a constant rosy pink. She would look down at her book for a minute and then look back up at him. "Sorry. It's nothing," she quietly said. Harry rolled his eyes.

"C'mon. Spill," he ordered, snapping his book shut. Hermione studied him and blushed again.

"It's just ... Madam Pomfrey called me in and ..." she began but Harry cut her off.

"Did she give you instructions on how to collect my ... samples?" he guessed. Hermione's face burned red, and she silently nodded. "So you were the one chosen?" he asked her. Again, she nodded.

"Good," Harry smiled. "I recommended you for the position," he truthfully told her. Her eyes widened.

"You did?" Harry nodded. "But why?" she wondered.

"Well, why not?" Harry shrugged. "We're going to be spending a lot of time together, and Professor McGonagall agreed that you're the most mature girl in Gryffindor House," he explained. Hermione suddenly looked embarrassed by McGonagall's opinion of her. Then she realized that he said that they would be spending a lot of time together this year. 'A LOT of time,' she replayed the words in her head. Hermione suddenly felt a bit dizzy, and her eyes blinked rapidly as she steadied herself. Harry was instantly at her side.

"Hey, are you okay?" he asked, rubbing her back tenderly before placing his hand on her forehead to check for fever. Having Harry touching her skin wasn't making things better for her. Still, she took a deep breath and tried to calm down, desperate to not further embarrass herself.

"I'm fine, Harry," she told him with soft words. "I think I've just been studying too hard lately," she lied. She *had* been studying a lot, but there could never be enough studying.

"Probably," Harry said, still rubbing her back. "You've probably been skipping meals as well," he accused her. Hermione flushed red. She had been skipping meals as a matter of fact, but she had never been one to eat very much anyway. However, Harry didn't know this, so she happily used it as an excuse.

"You're probably right," she relented, looking up at him with a shy smile. Harry smiled back and leaned down. Hermione's heart began thundering as his lips touched her. Her mouth slightly opened, and she moaned loudly as his lips danced with hers. Several girls walked by and burst into a giggle fit. Hermione pulled away, completely embarrassed at being caught doing that kind of stuff in such a sacred place ... the school library! Harry chuckled.

"Let's pack up. It's only twenty minutes until dinner. We can finish the essay tomorrow," he told her, grabbing his books to return to the shelf. Hermione grabbed her books and followed him.

"Why not finish tonight?" she wondered innocently. She lightly yelped when Harry's hand slid around her waist.

"I imagine that we'll be too busy for school work," she heard the teasing in his voice. Her face began feeling hot again.

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Dinner seemed to fly by in an instant, Hermione thought as she trembled in Harry's arms. She had spent the entire time nervously thinking about the coming night. She had obviously never been with a boy. Of course, she had occasionally fooled around with Harry, but it was nothing major. It was just some kissing and light petting. She had been too shy to do more, though she would have if Harry had asked. He didn't though. He let her go at her own pace, for which she was grateful. Most girls had sex with each other long before doing anything with a boy, but Hermione had never done any of that. She was beginning to wonder why. No doubt it would have helped with her nerves.

Harry broke the kiss as he lay her body down on his bed. Hermione blinked, not realizing that she was already in his private room located in Gryffindor Tower. The sun had already set, and the lights were off. The only source of light was the flames in the fireplace that were crackling merrily. She had to admit, it was a very romantic setting. Lavender Brown would have been squealing like the biggest fangirl. She was a fan of those cheesy romantic novels that Hermione scoffed at so often. Being in such a setting, however, Hermione found that it wasn't as cheesy as she might have thought. She practically sank into the soft mattress. The air in the room was cool, but she could feel the heat radiating from the fireplace. She looked at Harry and saw him removing his clothes. Hermione blushed deeply, knowing what was about to happen. She had a duty to him and the rest of magical society, and this time she was ready. Hermione kicked off

one of her shoes, then the other. She began unbuttoning her blouse with shaky hands, but Harry stopped her. Looking at him, she could see that he was now fully nude. His penis was hard and ready for her. He joined her on the bed and took over for her. His hands didn't shake as each button was undone. When the front of her shirt flapped open, she sat up and let him slip it off of her shoulders. Tossing it aside, he placed his hands on her waist as he kissed her again. Hermione closed her eyes and moaned as Harry reached back and undid her bra.

With as much courage as she could muster, she helped him remove her bra, leaving her bare-breasted in front of another for the first time in her life. She dropped back down, her head hitting the soft pillow. She didn't cover herself. Instead, she let him study her body. He reached out and gently caressed her breast with the tips of his fingers. Hermione's back arched, and she moaned while cumming. Her body bucked a few times, and when she opened her eyes, she saw Harry smiling at her. Hermione knew that it was going to be a long and eventful night for her.